Shocking Red Contrasts

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Shocking Red Contrasts

by Ebyru

Summary

If they were both vampires, how would they fit into the world?

It turns out, they fit pretty much the same way.

Notes

Un-beta'd--
the first chapter is an introduction to each of their characters.

See the end of the work for more notes

Prologue

Will is a self-trained vampire.

He knows his victims' names; knows if they got home in one piece; knows if they'll ever come back; bites them, and takes only small sips; doesn't demand more, but asks instead; lets them leave if they're too weak, too frail to feed him; bypasses children as much as he can; thanks them before and after every meal; never makes eye contact, but feels the exact moment when they were going to slip away; he's a child in man's clothing, too afraid to leave his mark in the world; he always stops first.

Hannibal is the vampire.

He takes what he needs; remembers how they sounded, how they smelled in their last moments; forgets their names but remembers the tang they left on his tongue afterward; never lets them leave; doesn't listen to what they have to say, but preaches his beliefs at them; devours more than he should, more than enough, more than their kind would; he's a beast in a tailored suit, feasting on their insides like he shouldn't need to; limits don't exist in his world.

Acquaintances

Chapter Summary

Will is drawn to a smell like he hasn't been since his youth.

Chapter Notes

un-beta'd, oops.

Will chases the metallic taste from his fangs and bottom lip. Sherri, the woman he drinks from once per week, has pushed him away gently. He nods, keeping his eyes away from her open wound. The smell of thick life oozes out of her pores like aphrodisiac, but Will knows how to clamp down on his urges. It's been two hundred years since he's killed anyone while feeding; he's a professional now.

He wets his fingertips with his own blood, pressing them against the two holes so they'll heal up faster even before she asks him to. "Thanks," he mutters quietly.

"I'm sorry to leave you with half a meal," Sherri says. "It's just that I have a date tonight, and he wouldn't believe me if I said a vampire drank my blood and that's why I have these bruises around my neck."

Will nods, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. If he continues to suck remnants from his fingers, he'll have to go find someone else – who may not be willing – to contribute to his meal. It's too much work, and there's too much guilt involved with that.

She waves goodbye as Will subtly creeps back into the lane he came from earlier. He watches her go, hidden in a corner of the shadows, to make sure she doesn't get attacked by another vampire while the smell of him still clings to her. If any of the younger ones – or the ones with no self-preservation – find out that she feeds freely, she would be in trouble.

Her heels click on cement all the way to her car, and she drives off. Will lets out a sigh of relief and straightens his jacket, rushing down the lane towards the public park.

Homeless people tend to forgive his quick sips; they're usually too tired or inebriated to care about the bite marks he leaves in their wrists or arms. Their blood certainly isn't the best – not like Sherri who jogs and eats only vegetarian food – but it will suffice. He only needs enough to survive until tomorrow when his other donor, Tom, returns from vacation.

The man smells like urine and vodka when Will sinks his teeth into bare throat. The taste is almost – *almost* – enough to distract from the putrid smell wafting into his nostrils as he sucks the man's blood like he's sipping from a straw. But then another smell appears—

Will's mouth hangs open while he inhales the waves of sweet release floating through the air. The man's blood drips from his lips, skating down his chin. Stains of red fall in blotches against the man's clothing, blending in with the piss and vomit residue. It doesn't matter; Will doesn't care. That aroma is all he can think about now.

He leaves the park, trailing after the perfume like a starved man chasing a bone. It expands and gathers more irresistible fumes as Will approaches; he salivates, blinded by hunger like he hasn't been in two centuries. He prays to all gods that it isn't a child, or some virginal girl doing this to him.

The scent brings him through the city, alleys and laneways, through a parking lot with no cars, and across street after street. He realizes belatedly that the smell is in motion – which would explain why it's carrying so far from the starting point.

An elegant home with vines growing up one side of it is where it finally leads Will. Taking in a deep breath, he's able to confirm this is where the smell has settled. He's careful as he walks across the freshly-cut grass; he hunches over when he reaches the stone walkway, moving from shadow to shadow; he ducks behind a bush when there's rustling somewhere to his left, but it turns out to be a dog; he's still consumed by what's making his mouth water when his hand decides to turn the knob and step inside uninvited.

"Who's there," calls someone, seated in a throne-like chair. Will wonders why none of the lights are on.

"Sorry," he says, mind still reeling from the earlier chase. It's the closest he's come to hunting like he used to as a young vampire; he forgot how alive it made him feel, how much fun it could be.

The person stands from the chair with a creak. His steps are measured, precise, as he walks towards Will. Shadows hide and reveal parts of his face simultaneous. His jaw is square; his nose is pointed but narrow, small – cute, Will would say if he were a woman; his hair is dirty blond, slicked back into a small ponytail; his lips curve into a half heart, almost as if pursed; his teeth flash with red tips when Will glances down at them; and his eyes – they match the crimson slick dripping from his teeth.

When he's finally close enough that Will can see all of him, he stands a few inches above Will. "I'm so glad you decided to stop by, William," he purrs.

Semi-Disclosure

Chapter Summary

Will sees more than he was ready to in a vampire club.

Chapter Notes

Un-beta'd because I know people have been waiting for a while, and I didn't want you to wait longer.

If someone wants to help with beta-ing chapters, I'd appreciate it. :)

Hope you enjoy!

“How is Tom working for you, William?” he asks. There’s a slight curl to his lips. “Obedient I should hope. I told him to accommodate your every demand or I would personally end his life.” He licks away the remnants of blood from his teeth. His navy blue tailored suit leaves little to the imagination.

“H-he’s fine,” says Will, stepping back towards the way he came. “Have we met? Why do you know my name?”

Hannibal moves his hand through the air with a flutter, as if to demonstrate how irrelevant this all is. How it’s all behind them. “I’ve been careful to conceal my interest in you for the past century, dear Will.” He dabs at his mouth with a handkerchief. “You don’t mind that I call you Will, do you?”

“I, uh--” Will says; swallows. “I should be getting back home. I shouldn’t have barged in like this. I don’t know what came over me.” Will turns his back, taking very long steps in the direction of the door. He hopes to all heavens that he can make it out without being stopped. Something about this other vampire doesn’t sit well with him.

“But aren’t you curious as to how you found my home?” he says, standing directly behind Will. He places his palm flat against the door, keeping it closed. “That scent you were chasing all over the city?”

Will squeezes his eyes closed, and as he reopens them he reaches for the doorknob. “No,” he says with all the resolve he can muster in this tight space. But now that he’s reminded of the

scent…It's overflowing in this vampire's home; it's fitting itself in between his deadened ribs, inside his dead, comatose heart.

"I can sense that you are lying, but I will not hold you against your will," he says. He backs away from the door, taking his salivating smell with him. "If you should return, please just greet me as Hannibal."

Will nods brusquely, turning the knob and running out into the dark of streets he doesn't know.

*

The drink from the homeless man on the way to Hannibal's home – and his curiosity and slight fear of the vampire – sates his appetite for the rest of the evening. At home, he feeds his dogs pieces of steak and boiled vegetables he buys from a grocery store around the corner. He lets them play in the yard for a few hours, throwing balls out for them and chasing them around from one corner to the other. When they are too exhausted to fetch, he calls them in and throws cushions on the carpeted floor for them. He fills their water bowls – all five of them – and retires to the basement for when the first sign of sunlight starts coming around.

"Good night," he tells them through the wall. "Be nice for Tom when he comes over."

*

Will's alarm rings at seven pm on the dot, and he slowly unfurls himself from his black comforter. He scratches at the hair at his nape, groaning when he tries to stand and his foot catches on the corner of his futon. He catches himself on his night stand, where he grabs his watch.

Opening his mahogany dresser, - a gift from his parents, almost two centuries ago - he slips on jeans and a grey t-shirt, hoping his hair isn't disheveled enough for Tom to make fun of him again. He tries to comb it down with his fingers just in case.

Tom is sipping tea in what looks to be an antique Chinese set. His fingers tremble minutely on the next sip. He nearly drops his cup as he notices Will standing in the doorway to the basement. That cup – the tea itself – does not belong to *him*. Or Tom, for that matter.

Coming fully into the room, Hannibal is standing in a corner near a pot of tea that matches the cup Tom is using. He leans a hip against the counter, his suit now pinstripe and burgundy; his cufflinks are gold.

“Will,” he says with a slight smile, “I was waiting for you to awaken.”

“I’m awake now,” he replies. “What are you doing here?” Will crosses his arms, even more aware of how inadequately dressed he is. But it *is* his home; he should be able to dress as messy as he likes.

Hannibal looks Will up and down, nodding. “That you are, but you won’t be able to accompany me in that attire I’m afraid,” he says. He glances over at Tom – who straightens immediately, fully at attention – and tells him, “Do you have plans for the rest of the night? I will be taking Will out for a few hours.”

“N-no, Dr. Lecter,” mutters Tom, putting his cup down when his fingers shake too much to hold it steady. “I can stay here with the dogs as long as you need.”

“It is much appreciated,” Hannibal says, inclining his head.

Will’s mouth hangs open, off more to the right because of an old injury, wondering why he dogs didn’t alert him of the stranger in his home. And more importantly—“Where do you want to take me exactly?”

Hannibal’s fangs press into his bottom lip as he grins. “You’ll need to put on something more…appropriate first.”

*

It’s nearly eight when they arrive at what Will recognizes as a gentleman’s club on first glance. There are drunken men and women coming out, holes pierced into their necks, and they tumble down the street without a care in the world. The man, almost seven feet tall, standing at the door nods at Hannibal when their eyes meet, holding the door open.

Will is wearing the best clothes he owns, which isn’t saying much; he doesn’t really care for fashion or ‘keeping with the times’. His charcoal cashmere sweater and dark blue slacks were all he could find that Hannibal hadn’t scoffed at.

And, to tell the truth, he’s not sure why he agreed to follow a strange vampire down the road to what is clearly a vampire’s den (where humans come to be fed from). But as Hannibal leads him forward, fingers clasped around his wrist, the words *foreign* and *delicious* float into

the back of Will's throat and up into his nose. He's stifled with the need to stay next to him. To learn more about what drew him in originally.

Their table is lavish, like the rest of the establishment: the walls scream *Gatsby lived here*; the floors are ebony wherever red carpeting isn't; the chandeliers tinkle softly like a light rain; and the workers are dressed in dark vests or corsets, their fangs or bite marks on display.

Will is seated before he knows it, their table thankfully off to the side and far enough in the back that he won't need to interact much. Not that he can really trust being alone with Hannibal either. A man begins to approach their table, but a young woman pushes past him and arrives first.

"What can I get you two?" she says, tilting her head to the side, showing off the two holes in her neck.

Human, then.

Hannibal eyes Will for a moment, then says, "What he chooses, I shall take as well."

"But I don't know--" Hannibal takes a drinks menu from her and hands it to Will. "Thanks," he mutters to Hannibal. He scans all the names briefly, looking for something that won't have too much blood in it. "Eau D'Ivoire," he says at last (not without a struggle with the French words), closing the menu.

Smiling, Hannibal leans back in the leather booth, his hands clasped on their glass table. "I suppose now would be the time to ask questions," he tells Will.

"I don't know exactly *what* to ask," Will admits, dragging a hand across his stubble and down his neck.

Hannibal follows the movement with rapt attention, his eyes flickering to a colour Will has never seen on a vampire before. "Then ask the first thing you can think of," he says.

"Why did your eyes just turn orange?" he says, trying to move further in the booth without it being obvious (or too insulting).

"Well that, you see, is a very long story." He reaches towards Will, coming away with a loose thread. "You mustn't treat cashmere so poorly."

Will frowns, crossing his arms, his mouth in a thin line. "I'll do what I want," he snaps. "And besides, I asked a question. Don't change the topic."

"Now, William, no need to be angry," he says, placating. "I was only trying to help since you feel so out of place here."

The waitress from earlier appears, carrying two champagne flutes on a fancy gold-trimmed tray. “Here you are,” she says, giving the first to Hannibal. “And yours,” she tells Will.

She stands there, quietly smiling. Will peers at her from the corner of his eye and wraps his fingers around the glass. He sniffs at it, and immediately pushes the glass to the centre of the table.

“What *is* this?” he asks Hannibal, grimacing.

The girl cuts in before Hannibal can respond, “It’s the finest elephant blood from Africa, mixed with a third of vegan-human blood.” She holds her tray close to her chest. “You shouldn’t be here if you can’t even enjoy something this high quality, *sir*.”

“That comment was unnecessary, young woman,” Hannibal says, looking fiercely into her eyes. “I demand you apologize to my guest.”

The look in her eyes softens as she says, “B-but Hannibal, what are you *doing* with him? You’re so much--”

Before she can continue the insult, Hannibal has her pinned down on the table. He growls once, louder than Will’s ever heard from a vampire, and bites into her throat. But he doesn’t just sink in his teeth and drink her, bleed her dry, he rips and tears at flesh, chewing and swallowing. The blood isn’t even a concern of his; it flows over the table underneath her, staining the glass. Their champagne flutes lie broken on the floor underneath this massacre.

When Hannibal is done, nothing left of the poor girl but her vocal chords and her face, he pulls out a handkerchief to wipe the corners of his mouth; Will has seen enough. He jumps from his seat, rushing through shrieking patrons (and the occasional aroused vampire), not looking back to see if Hannibal is following.

*

Somehow, despite the horrific event he just witnessed – vampires do not *eat* humans – Will finds his way back home to his dogs. Tom is still there, as promised, and who could blame him if he’s seen what Will has. It’s difficult for Will not to shiver as he locks the door behind him; Hannibal knows where he lives.

“Will, you’re back early,” Tom says in greeting. He stands, craning his neck to look around. “Hannibal isn’t with you?”

“I ditched him at the club,” Will tells him. “He ate a woman. Literally ate her. Right in front of me, Tom. Why didn’t you warn me about him?” He doesn’t mean to sound so betrayed, but Tom knew Hannibal first; couldn’t he have said something?

“He made me promise not to,” says Tom. “I’m so sorry. I know how much you hate violence like that.”

Will waves off the apology, his brows creased in concentration. “Just tell me: what is he? What the *fuck* eats through a woman’s throat? I’ve met dozens of vampires and not once--”

“He’s not completely vampire,” Tom says, rubbing at his nape. “But I don’t think he’d like me saying.”

His chest rumbling with frustration, Will stalks towards Tom and pins him with a glare. “Show me your neck then.”

Tom complies without a fuss, pulling his collar down. And when Will sinks his teeth in to the familiar flesh, warm blood coating his tongue, he nearly hums at the pleasure and relief it gives him. This is what he needs: a willing meal, his dogs, and his home.

Not Hannibal and his orange eyes. His exotic smell.

Influx of Carnality

Chapter Summary

Guess what? Sex happens!

Chapter Notes

still un-beta'd because I know how late each part is and I feel bad making you guys wait longer.
I hope you enjoy this chapter. :)

Hannibal isn’t so quickly dissuaded from his goals, his target. He’s been waiting a very long time for Will to find his way to him, and now that he’s seen (and experienced) Hannibal’s presence, he’s more than likely to return on his own.

Therefore, instead of moping or chasing after Will in a truly pathetic display of desperation, he watches from a distance. Making sure to always linger, and leave his scent in places where Will can’t avoid passing.

And if that isn’t enough, he gives items of his clothing to Tom, asking him to spread the scent in places he knows Will has to be.

*

As Will opens his eyes, a stag pins him down to his sheets with sharpened antlers. It moves away to reveal a red tangle around his limbs; he collapses when they twitch and morph into vines, holding him down. The bed, meanwhile, widens beneath him to accommodate another grown man; someone slightly larger than Will.

Without knowing where he is, or why it’s happening, his body begins to react. His toes curl, his lashes flutter, and his breaths quicken. It’s the sudden smell, he realizes belatedly. The whiff of him, of what Hannibal represents in a world that seemed so black and white before, propels Will forward, onto his knees. The vines release him and he grips them in his hands, feeling unsteady and weak. A breeze blows past him, and the smell fills the room, forcing him to look up. And suddenly –

Hannibal is at the end of the bed. The stag stands calmly behind him, its antlers pointed proudly to the sky.

The vines revive, prodding Will closer to the edge of the bed where Hannibal waits with nothing but a white dress shirt and grey slacks. He spreads his arms wide, a silent call for Will to join him. In death? In destruction? In indulgence?

It doesn't stop Will's body from lunging forward as if tied to Hannibal's cravings; his obvious desires.

Will is squeezed tightly to him, and he holds on just as hard. They grapple like predators – lions or tigers, or birds of prey – floating above the bed. Hannibal moves faster than Will can even fathom; he spins them where they linger in the air, pinning Will to nothing but forgotten protests. As Hannibal's eyes darken, turning from hazel to ebony, his fangs elongate. The moment Will sucks in an anxious breath, Hannibal's teeth sink into his throat quick, clean. But it doesn't end there, and Will is embarrassed to admit he's glad. Tipping Will backwards, Hannibal's bites are slick along the nubs of Will's nipples. Chest caving as he sucks in a painful breath, the air bursts out of Will when Hannibal dives in again. lips and tongue coming away redder each time. He releases Will, eventually, and offers his wrist as a sign of peace. Or maybe to be polite.

But Will is ravenous at this point; he takes deeper, harder gulps than Hannibal did; he bites at neck and shoulders until his fangs ache from pressure, until his eyes are glowing orbs of hunger. They sharpen like pyres in Will's sockets, and Hannibal gently pushes him to a distance, trying and failing to control himself. They both breathe heavy while Will watches the outline of Hannibal's cock in his dark pants.

They're back on the bed. But this time Will is naked, and his erection is leaking against his abdomen.

*

Tom's hand is shaking; Will has him twisted in a grip too tight. He's shown him the beast he keeps locked away, and there's no pretending that it doesn't exist anymore. Wiping at his brow, Will wonders if he reminds Tom of Hannibal in this moment. A blatant danger.

"I apologize," murmurs Will, "I was dreaming." He touches two fingers to Tom's wrist in silent apology.

Tom nods, slowly rubbing at his sore wrist when he pulls away. "I know. Was trying to wake you 'cause the dogs were worried."

Will smiles, sitting up in increments. He can feel the erection straining between his legs. "Only the dogs?"

Tom shrugs a shoulder, his mouth twitching up at one corner. “And maybe *a little* me.”

*

Will’s days begin and end with captivity – and that isn’t a reference to the basement where he sleeps (that Tom calls a dungeon). The dreams begin every night in a combination of fierce and mind-blowing sex. The abundance of blood and powers that appear also worry Will.

After dealing with his constant throbbing, Tom lets him feed, and he goes out. But the smell of lust follows in a fog-like manner everywhere he seems to be. It suffocates Will until he rushes back home, tries not to rut against Tom - who is kind enough not to mention his perpetual boner - like a savage, and locks himself downstairs when he’s sated.

The next day, rinse and repeat.

And the next.

And the next.

Needless to say, Will misses spending time being carefree and out in the open. He may not be very good with people, but he never used to want to hump them like a bitch in heat.

*

It’s become a self-afflicted dungeon, his basement. A trap to keep him away from the Devil He Knows. His dogs miss his company, but going for walks with them brings him into contact with the cloud of things Hannibal leaves his mark on in Will’s path. He’s doing it on purpose, of that Will is certain.

And it’s destroying the careful balance he’d found through a century of errors.

*

Sherri smacks Will when his clothed erection slides up and down her leg as he drinks from her collarbone. He doesn’t see her for a week, and when he calls, she won’t pick up.

If that isn’t bad enough, his dogs begin howling like wolves at certain times of the night. And when he wakes up and slips upstairs to visit them, they back off like he’s not who he used to

be. Not who he once was. Winston even bares his teeth when Will tries to touch his coat.

The only left is Tom. But when he tries to mount Tom like a feral animal, to sink his teeth into those bitten-through lips (*fear is what did that*, Will's mind chides, *you've scared him again*), he knows it's gone too far. Tom is already on his back at this point, and Will has his fangs a scant inch from ripping through his jugular. That's when he can't fight it anymore, deciding to seek out Hannibal.

There must be an end to this.

*

A stag with hooves clunking against the cement, making a fool of him, leads the way to Hannibal's mansion. It disappears the moment Will's knuckles connect with the door. And the door creaks open just as ominously as the first time. It's always unlocked, waiting for Will to show up.

"William," purrs Hannibal from somewhere off in the shadows. "I'm so pleased you've returned."

He certainly sounds pleased, says Will's mind. He takes his time closing the door behind him, straightening his jacket as he turns to face the vast open space of Hannibal's home. The last time he was here, he didn't pay attention to the chandeliers, the candleholders, the burgundy curtains or the carpet made of fur next to a fireplace. If he didn't know better, he'd think he went back in time – but if that were the case, they might be playing opposite roles.

Hannibal carefully steps out of a corner, bringing a candle with him to set atop the fireplace. He seats himself on the striped carpet, his back to Will. "Join me," he says gently. "I believe we have much to discuss."

Stretching slowly, the muscles in Hannibal's back ripple and shift underneath his thin, white shirt. Will is struck with the memory of his vivid dreams, and how they left him aching for the real thing night after night.

Perhaps that's why he strides across the room and into Hannibal's space. As soon as Hannibal begins to turn and face him, Will presses him down against the carpet and bites into the plush feeling of his lips. It tastes so sweet, so defiantly good, that Will wonders not for the first time if he's really awake.

Each lick gives him another flavour to ponder; draws another moan from Hannibal's swelling lips. And he lets Will dominate, straddling him as he is, only holding on to Will's back in exchange. Something about his submission makes Will hungrier, wilder; he rips at shirt buttons, then pants, and leaves them both in just their underwear and thin rivulets of blood.

Hannibal kisses whereas Will chomps, teething like an infant vampire against the flesh of chest and stomach. As expected, control is a distant memory for Will, and Hannibal hums and groans against each attack, having planned this.

Will fits his hands into Hannibal's hair, tilting his neck to one side then the next, sucking and drinking his blood like a fountain. He grinds down against Hannibal, his lips roaming across each patch of skin until it's all open and sensitive. Hannibal pants into Will's ear, his eyes closed, saying, "I've dreamt of this for too long." Then, his teeth pierce with a viper's precision, into the meat of Will's wrist. He sucks, and Will tugs at his hair in retaliation, but feeling himself harden with the loss of blood.

This isn't just sex anymore; it's an exchange. It's trust that Will didn't know he wanted to give Hannibal.

Gasping at a pinch in his wrist, Hannibal pulls off. He pants across Will's parted lips, and presses in for a touch. A moment of blood and saliva mixing. Will can't get enough. They kiss harder, bruising, and Will isn't careful. He draws blood, groaning at the taste when it splashes warm against his tongue. Hannibal merely presses his fingers into Will's back, his hips thrusting up against the hard length he finds.

Tasting Hannibal has driven Will to the brink, and before he can stop his hips from rolling, keep his tongue from lapping over open wounds at the corner of throat, neck, and between pecks, take a second to breathe in this intoxicating scent instead of trying to eat Hannibal alive, he's crying out Hannibal's name, his head thrown back.

Hannibal kisses down his throat through it, rubbing soothing lines down Will's spine as he whimpers and writhes in his arms. He lies Will down across the carpet when he turns boneless, peeling off his boxers for him. Looking up, his eyes seem to ask: "*Is this okay?*" And regardless if Will's reading him right or not, he nods. While he's still catching his breath, coming down from the best orgasm of his life, Hannibal sucks away the remnants of come and sweat between his legs. And when Will's hands find his hair again, Hannibal breathes out a shaky sound, growling and pressing his teeth into the flesh of Will's pelvis.

It's either that or the sight of Hannibal spreading his come into the tiny holes that makes Will black out.

*

Hannibal pets Will's hair as he sleeps, the phone cradled on the opposite side to where Will is. "Hello, Tom. I would like you to stop by in a few hours to collect a payment. Will is going to be staying at my home, and he will need someone to watch his…pets."

Will hums, snuffling into the side of Hannibal's neck. When a tongue darts out, Hannibal nearly chuckles, but instead pulls him closer and presses a kiss to his forehead. They sleep for a few hours, and then start all over again.

100 Years Gone By

Chapter Summary

1903. Will Graham is a new vampire.

Chapter Notes

I know I am so late with continuing this. But you know what they say: better late than never and all that. I have another chapter I want to post after this, if anyone is interested.

This is a tiny prequel chapter just to show what Will was like in the beginning of his 'Vampirehood' lol

***Warning for underage sexuality (pedophilia on Will's part). Still un-beta'd because I'm a horribly impatient person; feel free to let me know if there's typos.

1903. William Graham is a two-day-old vampire with needs --endless needs. No matter if women or men are stricken with poverty, illness, or fear, William Graham ensures that he enjoys them to the last drop.

After a week, the corpses are already piling up. Will can't help himself. Each young, bright face, full of blood and admiration for his newfound strength and porcelain body make his bones ache with the need to drain them dry.

Will hunts much like werewolves would in films – when the time comes. He's three decades ahead of that aesthetic. With shadows and night as his companion, Will seeks out the weakest and most beautiful to consume. It starts with the old, the dying, the ill, and the poor. But after a short while he bores of the easy prey. He seeks out delicate maidens, high society young men, soldiers, lumberjacks, other hunters.

There's no better rush than turning the predator into prey.

Many a young hunter tries to chop his limbs and bleed him out before he can eat them, but his limbs can be stitched back and his blood is of no value, whereas theirs is. Their sharp tools and strength only work to further excite him before his meal, and not much else. Only the sun can cause any type of panic, but even then a brief meal would heal any burn wounds.

1935 is the year that Will gets even more careless, prone to mistakes. Certainly, he is successful with enrapturing his nightly prey and seducing them to his bed for sex and their untimely death, but he gets greedy. He wants the sex, he wants the blood, but he also wants something more. Something illegal, something frowned upon, something untainted by the world. He wants younger souls to be his for the taking.

It starts slow, careful, as with any new experience. Will finds a young girl, no older than twelve, walking the streets from poverty. He takes her into the shadows, caresses her tiny breast with the promise of money to keep her off the streets, and then he lunges. He tears and drinks from the throat. Briefly, Will wonders if he's crossed a line and condemned himself further into Hell, but he shakes the thought easily. He leaves her there next to yesterday's trash.

If there was a God, a Hell, he wouldn't be allowed to exist. He wouldn't have been turned by someone he thought was his father for the better part of two decades. And then left to fend on his own when the man walked into the sunlight from guilt of destroying his innocence.

It's a Sunday, with the corner church full from noon until night due to Mass. As he waits for someone to take home with him, Will spots *him*. A young teen, perhaps 14 or 15 years old, with skin as fair as a woman's, soft and plump lips, and eyes of jade staring directly at him. The boy is already interested. He excuses himself from the crowd exiting Mass, slipping away from his family and friends, and strides towards Will.

Will carefully steps back into the alley where he hides, unwilling to let others see them. This boy will be his and no one will deny him the pleasure. The boy takes mere seconds, and he is in the alley. His breath comes out softly, his heart pounding to Will's ears, but likely just racing from interest.

"What are you looking for?" purrs Will. He lowers his lashes to tempt the boy. He opens his collar to reveal the milky skin beneath. "Are you lost, young one?"

The boy shakes his head. With a breath, he stares and says, "I saw you watching me. Do I know you?"

"No, not really," teases Will. "Are you interested?" Will takes a step closer, breathing in the scent of youth, salivating at the image he will make later, all spread across silk sheets and dripping of red.

The boy swallows with a click. "Please," he whispers, his voice finally wavering a bit. "I would like very much to know you."

Will takes his time with this boy. He tastes just as Will imagined he would, untainted and eager, sweating with each finger that breaches his lean body, muscles quivering as he strokes inside of him and kisses his thighs gently. He opens so easily, his mind and his body. Will almost considers taking him as a protegee, but that would be a mistake considering the amount of people in his family. They would notice him missing.

After nearly an hour of toying and filling the boy up with fingers, tongue, and his release, he finally sinks his teeth into flesh and *sucks*. His blood is as pure, if not more so, than babies' that he's tasted. He savours it on his tongue, moans and growls, wanting to delve inside this boy's thighs and bleed him dry. But if he does, if he were to, the fun would be lost. He could never taste him again. Will sucks the blood that drips between the boy's thighs and notices he's erect again. He jerks him to completion and basks in the scream that the boy lets loose, as if ripped from his pores.

Will leaves him with a soft kiss and the promise of more if he returns. The boy nods, dazed and sated, saying, "I'll return tomorrow if you'll have me."

"Oh, yes, I would have you." Will makes his grin as seductive as possible.

After the boy has gone, Will replays his experience with him, feeling warmth inside his chest that he hasn’t felt since before turning. A kind of flutter fills his heart with the excitement that, maybe, he's found a kindred spirit, someone who won't scream and try to escape, but enjoys his company.

Tomorrow arrives, night is upon them, and Will impatiently awaits his visitor. The boy left him craving all throughout his dreams. The knock when it comes is so quiet Will has to strain to hear it. He opens the door, and he's caught by men with torches and rope; they drag him away without pretence, and beat him to the ground. They shout that he is an abomination, a monster, a fiend, a demon. A sickness to be destroyed.

Twenty men gather around Will, tied to a fresh pyre in the centre of town. The church hovers behind him like a shadow. He could easily tear through the ropes, could run if he chose to, could rip all their throats out and heal from the gun wounds they would inflict upon him, but it's the boy that stops him from doing so. The boy who stares, eyes wide, and not saying a

word, not defending him nor denying the names he's called. Not trying to stop the proceedings.

The boy is the one who told his father of what occurred and led them to Will's home.

It is with this knowledge, this betrayal, that fire licks at Will's boots, his toes almost aflame. The torches multiply, and they press them to Will's clothing and hair with shouts of glee. His whole body is on fire but not a scream escapes him; he refuses to give them the satisfaction. And when his eyes and throat are far too burnt to function, he gives in and accepts this as his fate.

End Notes

comments always appreciated.

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